

How to Cheat a Dragon's Curse

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-10-21 12:16:02

Updated: 2012-10-29 13:21:30

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:59:53

Rating: K+

Chapters: 11

Words: 19,628

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: My much longer version of the episode "Dragon Flower".

Trader Johann comes to Berk. But no one knows that Mildew has bought from him flowers that are deadly to dragons. Hiccup embarks on a dangerous quest to find another flower, the Dragon Flower in order to use it's petals as an antidote so he can save his best friend.

1. Chapter 1: Trader Johann

My first story here. Reviews will be highly appreciated!

****Chapter One: Trader Johann****

The Isle of Berk is a small island in the middle of nowhere. So when something new arrives, the people make such a big deal out of it. Unfortunately, what's new isn't always what's good.

It was an ordinary day on the Isle of Berk. The sun was shining, but it wasn't hot. It wasn't snowing, but it still wasn't all that warm.

Hiccup sat in his room, sketching a picture of Toothless, his dragon, a Night Fury. He dipped his pen into his ink bottle, only to find out that it was empty. Time to get another bottle.

Down at the docks of the island, Bucket was just about to set sail when he spotted a figure in the distance. It was a ship. And not just any ship. Everyone on Berk knew this ship.

"Trader Johann's here," Bucket said to himself. "Trader Johann's here!" he shouted so that everyone in the village could hear him. Bucket himself was so excited he fell off his little rowboat and into the water. In a matter of minutes, people flocked to the docks just as Johann's ship anchored.

Among the first at the ship was the village blacksmith, Gobber the Belch and a few of the viking teens, namely Snotlout Jorgenson, Fishlegs Ingerman and the Thorston Twins as well as Bucket who had quickly gotten out of the water (Berk's waters are cold so you don't want to spend a lot of time in them).

"Ah, Berk," exhaled Johann as he moved a plank to connect his ship and the docks. "My favorite of all the islands to visit."

"Where have you been to this time, Trader Johann?" Bucket asked excitedly.

"Oh Bucket," Johann replied, "The things I've seen and the people I've met. I would need a week to regale on all the thrilling details. But alas, I have limited time to conduct our business together." Johann stepped to a spot higher on his ship. "Whatever it is you are looking for," he declared to the growing spectators, "I can assure you, you'll find it here!"

"It's all mine," Snotlout quickly said, throwing his arms over a pile of objects. "I call dibs on everything."

"I've got food of all sorts," said Johann, "spices, exotic animals, you name it. Works of art, jewelry, not to mention knowledge."

"Trader Johann," Fishlegs began, holding up a small brown book, "is this your only book on botany?"

"Yes, Mr. Fishlegs," Johann answered politely. "Why, it was given to me by the author himself."

"Would you take this necklace?" Fishlegs offered, holding up a necklace decorated with white fangs. "It's made from baby dragon's teeth."

"Fair enough, Mr. Fishlegs." Trader Johann takes the necklace from Fishleg's hands. Also now on the ship is star teenager Astrid Hofferson checking out a new weapon. Gobber sighs behind her. "You okay there, Gobber?"

"I'm better than okay," the blacksmith replied, rubbing his face with silk. "I'm in heaven."

Right next to Astrid, Hiccup pops up holding in his hand a container. "That's pure squid ink, Hiccup," said Johann. "It was wrestled from the colossal squid of the Northern Waters."

"Well how about this spyglass?" Hiccup asked Johann, handing him a spyglass from his leather bag. "I made it myself."

"Yes, I know," the trader answered, "you've given me five just like it. Unfortunately, I've got only two eyes." Hiccup thought for a moment before reaching into his bag again. "How about this winch? It will help you with that gangplank."

"A welcome tool for a working man's ailing shoulders. Consider it done." Behind Johann was Stoick the Vast, chief of the tribe (Oh hear his name and Tremble Ugh Ugh). In one hand, he held a sword and was testing another one of them silver blades in the other.

"Wow, another sword?" Hiccup murmured. "That's just what we need."

"If you must know," Stoick told his son, "it's not for me. I'm heading off to my yearly meeting with the chief of the Shivering Shores. The last man who showed up without a gift left without a head."

"But dad, then why do you have two swords?" Hiccup then asked.

"The second one still isn't for me." Stoick stepped in front of his son. "It's for you." Stoick handed the blade in his left hand to his son. Hiccup stared at it blankly. He blinked a few times.

"Wait a second, what?!" Hiccup suddenly exclaimed. "Dad, what are you giving me a sword for? You know I can't fight! I mean, dad, it's in the name. 'Hiccup', a runt, a weakling."

"What do names have to do with any of this?" said Stoick. He sighed. "Look, I know you're not a keen fighter, but now we know that Alvin the Treacherous is after you. The least we can do is to make sure you can handle yourself."

"I handle myself fine by running," Hiccup said to his father. "And apart from that, I even have Toothless!"

"I don't want to take any chances," Stoick boomed. "You need to learn how to fight and that's final."

"Then why don't you just get a sword from Gobber?"

"You know he's incredibly busy taking care of dragon teeth. Besides, this sword has traveled afar. Who knows what kind of adventures it already had."

"And how many people it already killed," Hiccup muttered under his breath.

"And now, the blade will be looking forward to face new frontiers with it's new wielder."

"Dad, you should know that I absolutely have no idea how to use a sword," Hiccup told his father.

"You shouldn't worry about that," Stoick replied. "All the chiefs of Berk were master sword-fighters. It should be in the blood!"

"Even Hamish the Second?"

"Even Hamish the Second!"

Hiccup gave up. He sighed and took the sword from his father's hand even though he didn't have the slightest idea on how to use it.

"That's the spirit," said Stoick, satisfied as he patted his son on the back. He turned to the trader. "Johann, what will you take in trade?"

"Stoick, it is but your good graces that I desire when my humble ship passes through Berk," Johann answered. Stoick chuckled. "Well, you'll always be welcomed on our shores." He turned to leave and sheathed the sword he was going to use as a gift. "I'll be back in five days. What am I saying? I'll be back in two now that I have Thornado."

A blue Thunderdrum sat on the pier. Stoick slowly got on the dragon.

"Dad," Hiccup spoke up, "you finally named him. 'Thornado', huh?"

"That's right!" Stoick replied, struggling to keep the Thunderdrum calm. "Because he has the power of the Thor and the ferocity of a tornado! Plus, it's the only thing he'll answer too. Apparently, he can be quite stubborn!"

Hiccup held back a snicker. "Can't imagine where he gets that from."

"Up, Thornado," Stoick commanded his dragon. The Thunderdrum slowly rose up into the air before taking off. Johann peered up at the sky in awe. "Ah, men riding dragons," he breathed. "What a magnificent sight."

"Johann!" a voice snapped. The trader turned around to see an old man standing on his ship. "Mildew!"

"Did you bring what I want?" the old man demanded.

"Always straight to the point," said Johann, "I like that." The trader gestured to a pile of baskets beside him and turned back to Mildew. "I assume you've brought my cabbage."

Mildew pointed to a basket filled with cabbage sitting on the deck of the ship. Johann sniffs the cabbages before putting them on one of the stands on his ship. A green Terrible Terror landed on the pile of the baskets that is Mildew's order. It started sniffing them.

"Now, now, little fella," said Johann, "that's not for you." The Terror refused to move. Johann picked up the little dragon and threw him onto the deck. The Terror landed near Hiccup's feet.

Toothless growls and pounces forward, pushing Hiccup out of the way. Toothless looks at Johann threateningly. Hiccup runs up to him. "Toothless, no," Hiccup told his dragon before turning to Johann. "Sorry, he's just a little protective."

Hiccup looked down at the pile of the shattered container and his squid ink on the deck.

"Sorry, lad," said Johann. "That was my last one. But I assure you, I'll find that colossal squid and wrestle you up another bottle!" Hiccup, disappointed, got off Johann's ship and headed home.

2. Chapter 2: What Gothi Said

This chapter is still pretty much following the episode, even though

I'm throwing in a few of my own lines.

I OWN NOTHING!(I forgot the disclaimer in the previous chapter)

But if I did, it would probably be more based on the books. Hiccup sword-fighting NEEDS to happen. Discussion over.

****Chapter Two: The Disease and What Gothi Said ****

The following morning, all the viking teens were gathered at Berk Dragon Academy. Tuffnut pushed a statue into the middle of the room.

"How does that look?" he asked his sister.

"Beautiful," Ruffnut answered as she stood next to their dragon, Barf and Belch.

"You got them just for the Academy?" said Hiccup.

"Yeah," Tuffnut replied, "we got them from Trader Johann. We had to give him our great-grandfather's skull."

Hiccup walked up to the statue and observed it for a few seconds. "Wow. You know, it's about time you guys started taking some pride for this place."

"Duck!" Tuffnut exclaimed.

"What?" Hiccup murmured. Barf and Belch fired at the statue, giving Hiccup a split second warning that made him throw his body against the stone floor of the arena. The blast hit the stone status with full force, pushing it backwards.

"That. Was. Awesome!" Snotlout yelled. He quickly got on Hookfang. "I want to take a shot. Fire!" The red Monstrous Nightmare shot at the statue. Stormfly, Astrid's blue Deadly Nadder released a flurry of spikes at it. Meatlug, Fishleg's Gronckle decided to give it a shot as well.

Toothless then jumps down, only to fire a shot that barely missed the statue. He then fired another shot that barely missed Snotlout's head. The boy exclaimed in surprise.

"That's strange," said Hiccup, getting up from the floor. Toothless is a Night Fury. And as every viking knows, a Night Fury _never _misses.

"Hey!" cried Snotlout, "could you have your dragon cover his mouth when he sneezes?"

"I'm sorry," Hiccup apologized, walking over to his dragon, "but that's never happened before." Toothless looked at his best friend before he sneezed again. Luckily, this time it was directed at the floor. Hiccup looked at his best friend worriedly. "I'm going to take him home."

"I'll go with you," said Astrid, who got on Stormfly.

Hiccup got on Toothless and secured his foot on the stirrup. Shakily,

the duo took to the skies. Soon, they were in the skies above the village.

"Look at those flowers," Astrid commented, seeing bright blue flowers below them. "They're beautiful."

As if on cue, Toothless sneezes and lurched in all sorts of crazy directions.

"Whoa, hey!" Astrid exclaimed. "What are you doing?"

"It's not me!" Hiccup replied, "It's-" Hiccup was cut off when Toothless suddenly dived down towards the floor. "Whoa!" Toothless crash- landed onto the ground and Hiccup was thrown off. Hiccup quickly got up and rushed over to his dragon. "Toothless, are you okay bud?"

The dragon closed his eyes and didn't reply. "Toothless?" Hiccup asked. The dragon's eyes slowly fluttered open. "Maybe he's got a cold or something," Hiccup told Astrid who was now standing beside him. Hiccup paused for a moment. "Do dragons even _get_ colds?"

"Whoa, look at that," said Astrid, her gaze redirecting to a Terrible Terror that was flying overhead. He too crash- landed onto the ground. Astrid walked over the picked him up. "Well whatever it is, looks like he's got it too."

Slowly, Hiccup managed to get Toothless to walk over to his house. As soon as Toothless was comfortable, Hiccup went out to get Gobber. The blacksmith came to his house a few hours later with something over the fire. Hiccup sat next to Toothless.

"This will fix him right up," Gobber told Hiccup cheerfully. He picked up the pot from the fire and settled it in front of Toothless.

"What is that?" the young tribal heir asked.

"It's best not to ask. And whatever you do, don't touch it." Toothless suddenly sneezes and the green stuff in the pot spilled onto Gobber's clothes.

"Well that's ruined," Gobber grumbled, walking away, looking for a piece of cloth to wipe yak barf off his shirt. "I'll never get that yak to vomit again."

Astrid suddenly bursted through the door, panting. "Hiccup!" she cried, "you have to see this." Hiccup rushed over to the door. In front of him, Snotlout and the twins were on their dragons who were flying in all sorts of crazy directions. Barf and Belch crashed behind a house.

"Help her, Hiccup!" Fishlegs exclaimed as he flew into view with a very shaky Meatlug. "She's sick!" The Gronckle landed in front of Hiccup's house. Fishlegs rolled off her.

"It's spreading to all the dragons," said Hiccup, who was desperately trying to work it out in his brain. But for once, he couldn't think of anything. "How do we stop this?" Hiccup asked Gobber, his voice

quivering with fear and worry.

"Gothi!" piped the blacksmith. "She'll know what to do!"

"Well then you go get her, Gobber," Hiccup told him. "I'm not leaving Toothless' side."

Later that day, Gothi showed up at Hiccup's house. He sat beside Toothless the whole time and rubbed his head. Astrid and Fishlegs were also there, worried sick of their dragons and becoming desperate for a cure. Gothi observed Toothless' eyes and tongue before throwing a bunch of bones onto the floor. She looked at them, deep in thought.

"I heard Gothi can tell when you're going to die just by looking at your nails," said Astrid, nervously. That comment certainly didn't help Fishlegs.

"Oh that's just an old hag's tale," Gobber told them. Fishlegs heaved a sigh of relief. "She looks at your tongue." The young viking tensed up and sucked in his lips, making sure his tongue could not be seen.

Gothi, using the tip of her staff started drawing on the floor of the house. Gobber studied the drawings. "She says they're reacting to something," he told the others.

"But to what?" Hiccup asked, looking up from Toothless.

"To a moose wearing boots," Gobber replied, only to be whacked by Gothi's staff. "Right," he quickly added, "I knew that wasn't it." Gobber looked closer. "She says they're reacting to something new on the island. But that drawing still looks like a moose."

"Something new?" Astrid repeated. "That's going to be a lot of things. Trader Johann was just here."

Gobber looked down at Gothi's drawings again. "She says to get rid of everything, immediately. If not, it's going to get worse. The dragons are just going to get sicker."

Hiccup hugged Toothless. Worse? Isn't Toothless going through enough pain. "Are you sure it's not just a simple cold?"

Gobber shook his head. "But that's all Gothi knows. She's not an expert on dragon diseases."

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Astrid, Hiccup and Gobber stood in front of a large hole slash pit. Beside them was a line of people who were throwing their new belongings from Trader Johann in. Hiccup's heart was at unease. He wasn't comfortable leaving Toothless, but he had to be sure that everything was disposed of. He couldn't risk his dragon getting worse.

"I know it's hard guys," he tells the villagers, "but I promise you, you're doing a good thing. You're helping the dragons."

"It's the least we can do for them," Astrid added. Fishlegs was busy reading his botany book. Ruffnut got so annoyed with him, she plucked the book from his hands and threw it into the pit.

Hiccup turned to Gobber. "I don't see you throw anything into the pile," he said. "And I thought you bought something from Trader Johann." The boy eyed his mentor suspiciously.

"He did," said Astrid, "he bought silk."

"Hand it over Gobber."

"Can't do that, Hiccup," Gobber replied, pulling his pants. "It, uh, currently in use." Gobber leaned in. "It's my skivvies," he whispered. "They're glorious." Hiccup placed his hands on his hips and glared at Gobber along with Astrid.

"Fine." The blacksmith headed behind a rock where he was out of sight. A moment later, a pair of bright purple underwear flew from behind the rock and into the pile. Gobber walked out.

"I could've gone my whole life without seeing that," Hiccup muttered. Though on the inside, he was relieved. But if there was to be any visible progress, it would be shown in the morning.

We're getting to some serious fan fiction writing soon. One or two more chapters!

3. Chapter 3: The Suspicions Continue

The third chapter and the actual fan-fiction writing is going to begin soon! Actually, it pretty much starts at this chapter.

I OWN NOTHING~! Everything goes to Dreamworks and Cressida Cowell.

Chapter Three: The Suspicions Continue

To say Hiccup was worried would be an understatement. When he got up that morning, the first thing he had to do was take a look at Toothless. The dragon wasn't looking much better as he was still lying down. "Hey, how about we go out flying," Hiccup offered, "maybe that'll make you feel better."

Toothless' answer was another sneeze. Hiccup ducked just as the shot flew over his head. The boy looked to a sword sheath leaning onto the wall near his bed. Where was his father when he needed him? He couldn't help but feel that something was wrong. Not about his dad, but about Toothless along with the other dragons. And it wasn't just him. Astrid, Fishlegs, Snotlout, Ruffnut and Tuffnut were all worried sick about their dragons. Astrid was dodging spikes, Fishlegs was telling stories...and you do not want to know what Snotlout has been doing all night.

It was only natural the teens gathered in the plaza right after breakfast. "We've got rid of everything from Trader Johann," said Fishlegs, "but our dragons aren't getting better, they're getting worse!" His voice sounded like it was about to break. No one could blame him.

"Let's make a list," Hiccup suggested. "There has to be somebody who brought something from Trader Johann and refused to give it up."

"If I found out who's holding back," Snotlout suddenly snapped, "I'm going to be so angry. Hookfang was so sick, I was up all night scraping dragon barf off our walls!"

"Yeah?" Tuffnut sneered, "well ours is dead."

Astrid gasps sharply.

"Just kidding," Tuffnut reassured her before looking back at Barf and Belch. "But he's really not all that fun anymore."

"He just sits there. He won't blow anything up," Ruffnut added. Hiccup sighed and groaned. "Where's my dad? He said he'd be gone for two days. He should have been back by now!"

"Maybe something is holding him at the meeting," said Astrid.

"I don't know," Hiccup replied uneasily. "But anyway, we need to find anything that's different on the island. Let's start here, at the plaza."

"Okay, everyone look around for anything that seems unusual." Fishlegs looked around for a few moments. "Does that count?" he wondered, pointing at Ruffnut and Tuffnut fighting each other. Hiccup and Astrid looked at them for a few moments. "Nothing unusual here," Astrid muttered under her breath with her arms crossed.

Hiccup looked at the twins. Astrid was right. Nothing was unusual about the two punching and kicking each other. But what caught Hiccup's attention was a bush. And on the bush were a bunch of bright blue flowers. Hiccup looked around him. He saw the bush to his left. And again to his right. "They're all over the island," he whispered to himself before running towards the nearest bush.

"What did you say?" Astrid questioned before running after Hiccup. Fishlegs was close behind. Hiccup plucked one of the flowers from the bush. "Does anyone else remember seeing these flowers here before?" he asked.

Fishlegs took it from Hiccup's hands, softly. "It looks an awful lot like the Blue Oleander," he said. "I recognize it from my botany book, chapter eight."

"Is there anything specific you can remember?" Hiccup asked again, both hope and a sick feeling in his gut rising.

"They're very beautiful, that's for sure," Fishlegs answered, running his fingers gently through the flower petals. "Very soft, perennial-" He stopped short. "And poisonous to reptiles," he finished in a quivering voice.

"Which means poisonous to dragons!" Hiccup exclaimed. "This is serious." Fishlegs threw the flower again. Hiccup started breathing quickly, panic growing inside of him. "Uh, did your book say anything about a cure?"

"I don't know," he replied before eyeing Ruffnut. "Because someone made me throw it into a pit!"

"Well go back and dig it up!" Hiccup told him. A second later, Fishlegs ran off. Astrid stepped forward. "I don't understand," she said. "How did these flowers even get here?"

"Mildew." Tuffnut suddenly spoke up. All eyes immediately turned to him. "I saw him plant them the other night."

"And you didn't think that was strange?" Astrid questioned him, glaring lightly.

"No," Tuffnut admitted. "Well, maybe." He paused when he saw Astrid and Hiccup looking at him. "I don't know." He turned around and crossed his arms. "Quit pressuring me!"

Astrid turned to Hiccup, as if asking him what he wanted to do.
"Let's go pay the old man a
visit."

[illegible]

"So what if I planted a few flowers?" Mildew told Hiccup. He and Astrid were in Mildew's house. Hiccup remembered the last time he was here. It sent chills down his spine at the mere thought of nearly being caught by Mildew for sneaking around his house. Not to mentioned he stumbled upon evidence that would have proved that Mildew framed the dragons of vandalism a week or two before.

"The town square's never looked better," Mildew continued, stroking Fungus, his pet sheep, as he did. "I was merely trying to spread some beauty and happiness."

Astrid looked at the old man suspiciously. "Since when have you cared about beauty or happiness?"

"You did this," Hiccup suddenly said, pointing his finger at Mildew. He's had it out for him since the vandalism incident.

"I had no idea those flowers had special properties!" Mildew exclaimed in his defense. "It's true I'm not friend of the dragons, but in this case, it was completely coincidental."

Hiccup sighed. He knew that he couldn't get Mildew to spill the beans unless he had help from Odin and first hand evidence. Plus, his father wasn't back yet so it's not like he could have done anything.

Noon was soon approaching. Hiccup sat in his workshop at Gobber's blacksmith workshop. The room was decorated in various sketches of Toothless and inventions. If only those inventions could help. Hiccup gripped his charcoal, hoping that something would come to him so that he could help his dragon best friend.

Astrid poked her head into the workshop. "Hiccup," she said softly. "Fishlegs is back with his botany book." Hiccup got up from his slumped position over the table and walked outside the workshop where all the other teens were as well.

"What does it say?" Astrid asked him. Fishlegs was sniffing or sobbing, the teens couldn't really tell as he opened the book. He wanted to speak but no words were coming out.

"Calm down," Hiccup told him, taking a few steps closer. "Come on, Fishlegs, talk to me."

"My botany book says that the Blue Oleander is poisonous to reptiles. And dragons are reptiles!" he choked out.

"We know that," said Hiccup, "but what we need to know now is a cure. Was there anything else in your botany book?"

"Not in my botany book, but in here," Fishlegs sniffed and brought out another book that the teens recognized was the Book of Dragons. "I remembered that the Book of Dragons was talking about dragons being poisoned."

"And?" Hiccup was desperate to keep Fishlegs talking.

"It says that when a dragon gets poisoned, there is only one cure: the Dragon Flower."

"The Dragon Flower?" Snotlout repeated. "What's that?"

"It's a flower known to cure any disease in both human and dragon," Fishlegs continued. "A single single flower would be enough to cure only one of each species. But the problem is, they are extremely rare."

"So?" Astrid asked. "If it's rare then we just have to know where to look." Fishlegs sniffed again. "That's the thing, we know where it is."

"Which makes it all the more easier," said Snotlout. "I can go there and bring a whole basket full of those flowers back in a day, just watch me." He turned to leave but Fishlegs grabbed his shirt and stopped him.

"Are you crazy?" he yelled. "Only an insane person would go there."

"Go where?" Tuffnut spoke up.

Fishlegs gulped. "The Dragon Flower can only be found on the island of Hysteria."

4. Chapter 4: The Quest Begins

The fan fiction writing begins here!

****Chapter Four: The Quest Begins****

"Hysteria?" Astrid breathed. "Everyone knows well to stay clear of that island." Hiccup's mind was already wandering elsewhere. Hysteria. It was to the west, not too far from Berk. But still, no one would dare to go on their island unless they want to come back without a head.

Or you want your dragon cured.

Gobber walked out of the workshop. "What's with all the noise?" he demanded, scratching his behind. Everyone could tell he missed silk.

"Gobber," Hiccup began, "you get Mildew and start digging up all of those flower bushes. I want every single one on the island gone."

"Why don't you do it, Hiccup?" Gobber asked. But Hiccup had already started walking away from the workshop, his gaze fixated on his house. "Whoa, whoa, whoa," said Astrid, quickly grabbing his shirt. "Where do you think you're going exactly?"

"I'm going to Hysteria," Hiccup answered boldly, his voice without a hint of fear. Astrid's eyes widened. "Hiccup, you're as crazy as a Hysteric," she muttered as she turned him to face her. Hiccup stepped away.

"Hiccup, please," Astrid told him in a much softer tone. "Don't go. Wait until your father to come back. Then he can send a search party to look for the flower. Just wait until--"

"Until what?!" Hiccup suddenly retorted loudly. "For my father to come back? What if by the time my father comes back, Toothless is already dead?" His voice was filled with pain and fear. Not of the Hysterics. But of what might happen to the dragons. "What if it was already too late?" His eyes began to sting. "I'm not waiting around. If I can do something, I'm going to do it!"

Astrid faced her friend in the eye. She had only seen him with this kind of determination once: when the entire tribe had left to challenge the Red Death on Dragon Island. Her grip on Hiccup loosened and she laughed to herself quietly.

"What?" Hiccup asked her.

"Looks like your mind's made up," she told me. "I should've just given up. That stubbornness runs in the family."

"Hey!"

"But whatever." Astrid brushed her bangs from her eyes. "A guy like you isn't going to even _make it _to Hysteria." A smirk appeared on Astrid's lips. "I'm coming with you."

"Astrid, if you go, you're just going to get yourself killed," Hiccup told her.

"It's not like you're going to make it back in one piece either," Astrid answered. "Besides, I want to help my dragon. I'm going, I don't care what you say."

"I'm coming too," said Fishlegs. He finally stopped sniffing. "If it's for Meatlug, I'm coming with you guys."

"I'm not scraping dragon barf for another night," Snotlout added. "Count me in." A smile appeared on Hiccup's face. He turned to the

twins. "Ruff? Tuff?"

"Are you scared?" Ruffnut jeered at her brother.

"As if!" Tuffnut quickly replied. "I'll be the first one to Hysteria." The twins knuckle-bumped each other.

"Hold on one darn second," said Gobber, "the six of you aren't going anywhere."

"You can't stop us Gobber," Hiccup told his mentor, still smiling and hands on his hips. "We've already made up our minds."

"No, your father would _kill _me if I let you go to Hysteria!"

Hiccup rolled his eyes. "That's what you said when I went after the farm animals. Yet, you're still alive."

"This danger is on a different scale!"

"So?" Snotlout sneered. "They're both life threatening. What's the difference in between that?"

Gobber opened his mouth to speak, but found that nothing came out. He sighed frustratedly. "You kids aren't going to Hysteria and that's final." With that, the blacksmith headed back into his workshop. Astrid turned to face Hiccup. "You listening to him?"

"Not a chance."

Astrid gave him a punch on the arm, prompting Hiccup to rub it affectionally. "We leave in three hours," he said. "Get ready guys." The viking teens nodded and headed towards their houses. Hiccup ran down the ramp and went to find Mulch and Bucket at the farm.

Bucket had his head in the hen house and Mulch was milking a yak. He sensed Hiccup behind him and looked up. "Oh hey, Hiccup," he said, waving his prosthetic hand. "What brings you here?"

"I need some fish," Hiccup told him. Mulch thought for a moment. "Sorry lad, but all we have are two icelandic cods. That enough for you?"

"It should be," Hiccup answered softly. "He doesn't eat much, anyway." Mulch nodded. "Bucket, give the boy the fish."

Bucket banged his head on the entrance of the hen house before coming out of it. He picked up a bag sitting next to it and handed it over to Hiccup.

"Thanks you two," he said. "Take care of the village." Hiccup's voice was distant at the latter words since he was already running off towards his house. Mulch didn't quite catch the last sentence so he shrugged and went back to milking the yak. Bucket turned to look at his friend. "Chickens make wool, right?"

Panting, Hiccup ran through the village. He had around two and a half hours left before he had to leave for Hysteria. He had reached the village market and asked for a basket. Hiccup traded it for one of

the cods. After that, he quickly made his way back up to the plaza. Gobber had just walked out of the workshop. Again.

"Where do you think you're going?" he called to Hiccup. The boy stopped in his tracks. "To feed Toothless!" he quickly answered. Gobber shrugged and went back inside. Hiccup heaved a sigh of relief. If Gobber knew he was making preparations to leave for Hysteria, he would probably lock him up in the house. Then he could just climb out the window, but that would be a waste of energy. Lazy to carry the bag with the cod, Hiccup placed it in the bag and hauled it over his shoulder.

When he reached his house, Hiccup opened and closed the door softly, careful to not disturb Toothless. He tiptoed his way up the stairs. On his own bed, Toothless was still lying down, motionless. Hiccup dumped the bag next to him. He placed a hand on his dragon's head. "How are you feeling, bud?"

Toothless purred softly. He didn't even sneeze. Sighing, Hiccup reached into the bag and brought out the cod. Toothless sniffed the fish but refused to eat it. "Come on, bud," said Hiccup. "You're going to have to eat if you want to feel better." The dragon eyed his friend before taking a small bite of the fish. Hiccup exhaled exhaustedly, placing the fish next to the dragon.

Slowly, Hiccup's gaze redirected to the sheath lying down on the wall. He walked towards it, picking it up. Hiccup's left hand ran its fingers on top of the sheath and stopped at the hilt. With a swift motion, Hiccup unsheathed the sword, revealing a slightly dusty and silver blade.

The boy turned to his dragon. "What do you think, Toothless?" he asked softly. "Do you think I'll be able to use this thing?" The dragon's eyes fluttered open before they closed again. Hiccup sighed and sheathed the blade. "Yeah, that's what I think too." His grip tightened on the sword. He doesn't know how to use it. But he needs to learn how. Hiccup secured the sheath to his belt.

Hiccup walked over to the basket and picked it up. It was pretty big, yet it was light. It was a straw basket so it should be able to hold the weight of a hundred flowers or so. He's getting as much as he could. If he didn't bring back enough, the whole quest would be pointless.

Sighing, Hiccup sat onto his bed and stared at Toothless for who knows how long. So many thoughts were flying around his head. Where is his dad? Why isn't he here? What's taking so long? What does Hysteria look like? How will I be able to find my way around? What's going to happen if my father finds out? Will I make it back in time? Will I make it back at all?

Time whizzed by and Hiccup didn't even realize it had been twenty minutes since he had been thinking up of all sorts of questions. Below, the door to his house creaked open. Hiccup sat up from the sound of footsteps. Astrid walked into his room.

"Hiccup," she said softly. "It's time."

The boy walked off his bed and over to Toothless, scratching him behind the ears and the dragon purred. "Don't worry, bud," Hiccup

whispered. "I'll be back before you know it." Hiccup leaned down and hugged Toothless tight. "I'll be back. I promise."

Astrid looked at the two solemnly. Hiccup stood up, the emotionless look on his face turned into an expression of a boy with a thirst for adventure. "Where are the others?"

"They're waiting for us at the docks," Astrid answered. Hiccup thought for a moment. "We're going to need someone to go with us," he told her. "An adult." Astrid eyed him suspiciously.

"Where are we going to get an adult that will give us a lift on a boat to Hysteria?" The door to the house opened and closed again. Hiccup and Astrid peered over the second floor to see a viking man below them. A smile lit up on Hiccup's face.

"Sven!" he said, "just the guy I wanted to see."

[illegible]

The wind blew in Hiccup's face. His feet rested on the wooden deck of a ship. The other teens leaned on different spaces on the mast while Sven was at the helm of the ship. He didn't know how he did it, but Hiccup somehow convinced Sven into giving them a ride to Hysteria.

It had been yesterday since they left and the sun was beginning to rise as dawn approached. The sky was painted in yellow, orange, and pink. They caught a wind and are moving at a very great speed. The teens were a little sleepy, but other than that, we were filled with energy.

"Hiccup, what are we going to do once we reach Hysteria?" Fishlegs asked, standing up straight.

"Why are you asking him?" Snotlout jeered. "Maybe I know."

"Let me guess," Astrid began in a sarcastic tone, "you don't."

Snotlout smiled. "You know me so well."

Astrid scoffed and rolled her eyes. As for Hiccup, he thought for a while on Fishleg's answer. "It would be smarter for us to sneak in at night," he replied. "The lack of visibility would give us an advantage. But we would be completely lost. We would need to find a map. Snotlout, can you burgle us one?"

"You got it," Snotlout cheerfully answered. Hiccup nodded. "Astrid, you're going to lead the way. You're our strongest fighter so if we run into anyone, I can trust that you'll be the one to knock them out."

"Leave it to me," Astrid answered. "But then I don't really see the purpose of your sword."

"It's just for show," Hiccup muttered. "Anyway, Ruffnut, Tuffnut, you two stay in the middle. We'll only use you two as distractions when

Snotlout needs to steal that map."

"We'll see who can be more distracting," said Ruffnut, turning towards her brother who cracked his knuckles. "Is that a challenge?"

"Fishlegs," Hiccup continued. "Your job is to tell us everything you know about the Hysterics and the island. We're going to need every single shard of information, so don't think of anything as insignificant."

"Then I would advise you to head for their Great Hall," Fishlegs suggested. "It's the most public place of the island, lots of room for guards and the flower could be used in the kitchen as well."

"Okay, then. So we can use the map Snotlout is going to steal to lead us to the Great Hall."

"Just stay clear of Nobert the Nutjob, the leader of the Hysterics and their chief," Fishlegs warned, his voice slightly shaking. "He's one of the most feared in the archipelago. They say his strength rivals that of your father, Hiccup. And Alvin as well."

Hiccup nodded. "As for Sven, just make sure you keep this boat out of sight. If they catch a glimpse of this ship, they're going to know we're on the island. It will be much harder for us to sneak around with all the growing troops."

The viking teens stepped away from the mast and gathered in a circle. They all leaned in. "Listen," Hiccup began, "our dragons have always protected us. Now it's time for us to do the same. No matter what happens, We're getting that antidote. For Toothless."

"And Stormfly," Astrid added.

"And Meatlug," Fishlegs continued.

"And Hookfang. "And Barf and Belch."

Hiccup smiled. "And all the other dragons on Berk. What do you say guys? Are we ready?"

"Yeah!" they all shouted, throwing their fists into the air. A grin appeared on Hiccup's face. He looked up to the growing silhouette of the island growing on the horizon: Hysteria.

5. Chapter 5: Norse Ninjas

Onto the island of Hysteria!

I have to say I did not expect five reviews in a day, so thank you~!

Chapter Five: Norse Ninjas (but of course, we're not in Japan so "ninja" wouldn't be exactly right)

"Ugh!" Snotlout groaned loudly. "We've been here for days, can't we head down to kick some Hysteric butt?"

"Not unless you want to come back without a head," Astrid grumbled in response. "And it's been four hours." It was late noon and they had docked behind a pillar, out of sight from the Hysterics. They had arrived since noon so they've been waiting for quite a while. Snotlout's complaining was reasonable for once.

"Hiccup," Tuffnut moaned, "can't we get off this darn boat?"

The heir was looking through his spyglass at Hysteria. "No," he said sternly. "If we go now, might as well write a sign on our heads saying 'hey, we're from Berk and we're trespassing on your island might as well kill us'."

"Don't you think it's kind of ironic?" Fishlegs spoke up. "This was pretty much the same way Alvin the Treacherous snuck up on us a while ago."

No one answered his remark. Hiccup was still focused with watching the island. He groaned frustratedly. "I can't see the Great Hall anywhere! This island is as rocky as Berk."

"I heard it was completely smooth on the other side," said Fishlegs. Hiccup brought the spyglass and thought for a moment. "That could work." Hiccup turned to Sven. "Sven, after we leave, take this ship up to the north coast. We can escape from there down that smooth side."

Sven nodded before turning to look at the horizon worriedly. If something were to happen to the chief's son...he didn't even want to think about facing Stoick's wrath. Then, why was he here again?

Hiccup got out a piece of paper that was lying around on the ship with a piece of a charcoal. He gestured for the other viking teens to come over. "Okay guys," he began and starting drawing a brief picture of the island. "We'll head up the docks and up into the island. From the docks, it's obvious that they'll be a map lying around somewhere so we'll look around. Ruff, Tuff, one of you look out at the docks and the other at the entrance to the village. Alert us if anything shows up."

"As planned, Snotlout will get us one of those maps. Fishlegs will go and get you guys and make our way to the Great Hall."

"What do we do then?" Astrid asked. Hiccup shrugged nonchalantly. "I can't plan anything else unless we actually get there. I don't know how their Great Hall looks like so I can't tell which way for us to sneak in."

Hiccup stood up. "Alright guys," he said. "Get some rest. We'll head onto the island in five or six hours or whenever the sun sets. No one likes setting sail at night, so we can assume that the docks will be free of Hysterics."

"You're what, fourteen and you're already giving us orders as if you were chief?" Snotlout commented. "You're joining the long line of goofballs."

"May I remind you that if I'm not the heir, you're going to be,

Snotlout," Hiccup told him. "And technically speaking, I'm three and a half years old."

"Even worse."

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Hiccup yawned and rubbed his eyes. Moonlight shone on him. He heard a few soft splashing noises so he peered over the boat. Below him was a smaller ship, a rowboat. In it sat all the other viking teens with Fishlegs carrying the leather bag. Hiccup's hand moved to his scabbard, making sure it was on tightly. He didn't want to lose it.

"You coming or what, Hiccup?" Snotlout jeered from below. Hiccup gulped before hopping down onto the ship. Ruffnut and Tuffnut pushed them off of the larger boat and they slowly drifted towards the docks of Hysteria. Hiccup's gaze floating up to the moon. "Dad, where are you?"

A couple of minutes later, Astrid threw a rope from the boat and docked it at one of the piers. One by one, the viking teens got off the boat. Hiccup exhaled. "Okay guys," he whispered, "remember, be quiet and think Night Fury stealthiness. Snotlout, go get us that map."

Snotlout nodded and trotted up the ramp of the dock. Hiccup looked around. All the doors were closed and no candles or torches were lit. Not a single person was on the docks. He furrowed his eyebrows.

"What's wrong, Hiccup?" Astrid asked him softly.

"Nothing," he murmured, "but it seems a little too quiet." Astrid shrugged and followed Snotlout up the docks. Hiccup and Fishlegs ran after her with Tuffnut staying a few paces behind the others.

In a few moments, Snotlout had his head through one of the open windows of a shop near the pier. His legs kicked slightly and he pulled out his head. "I got a map," he said proudly, holding up a scrolled piece of paper.

"Great," said Hiccup, taking the map from his and unrolling it. He examined it for a moment. "Okay, we'll head up this ramp and to the left, take a left and we'll be at the highest point of the village. The Great Hall should be there."

The other teens nodded and Tuffnut was back fighting with his sister. Astrid shushed them softly. The teens tiptoed their way through the village. Hiccup really wished he had a torch since he could barely see a thing. But all a torch would do is get him captured.

Following the direction of the map, Hiccup and the others took off up a wooden ramp. He stopped abruptly behind a house, prompting Astrid to bump into him, Snotlout into Astrid, Fishlegs into the Snotlout and the Thorston twins into Fishlegs.

"Hey!" Snotlout hissed, looking at Hiccup furiously. "Watch where you're stopping." Hiccup held up his arm and pushed Snotlout back.

Gathering all his gut, Hiccup peered over the corner of the house. Two men with giant axes were walking their way. Hiccup swore mentally. He waved for the others to head around the house.

Astrid understood and was the first to take off. The others soon caught on to the idea. As the others ran behind the house, Hiccup checked to make sure the Hysterics were still coming in there direction. But when he looked, the two men from before had disappeared.

Hiccup frowned a little and stepped out from behind the house. There wasn't anyone in sight. Something wasn't right. Hiccup ran behind the house, only to see the other viking teens looking at him.

"What is it Hiccup?" Fishlegs asked. "Is something wrong?"

The young heir peered over Fishlegs. Astrid and Snotlout were there. But- "where are the twins?"

Astrid and Snotlout whipped their heads around only to meet another house. A worried look immediately popped up on Astrid's face.

"Maybe they're just off exploring the island," said Fishlegs, "you know those too don't like being still."

"I know," Hiccup answered, "but isn't exploring a foreign island suicidal?" He sighed. "Let's just assume they are. We can't hang around here. Let's keep moving."

Astrid led the way this time. She guided the boys through a crack between two houses. The alleyway grew as they neared a hill. Astrid breathed in awe. "Hiccup," she said, "you might want to see this."

Fishlegs shoved Hiccup forward, almost out of the shadows of the alleyway. Hiccup found himself looking at a large stone and wooden building sitting right at the top of the hill. "That must be the Great Hall!" Hiccup exclaimed.

Snotlout suddenly yelped. Hiccup, Astrid and Fishlegs turned around, only to meet a gang of three large Hysterics. One of them was holding Snotlout, hands over his mouth.

No use in being quiet any longer. "RUN!" Hiccup screamed as he and Astrid broke off into a sprint. Fishlegs however, was too scared and was grabbed by a second Hysteric.

"Oh for the love of Thor," Astrid groaned as she stopped running too skidded to a halt. "We have to go get them and the twins!" he said.

"There's no time," Astrid hissed. "We'll get them later. For now, _we _need to get out of here! Come on!" Astrid grabbed Hiccup's wrist and started dragging him. They whizzed past at least a dozen Hysterics that were swarming towards them. Astrid ducked from an axe blow that would have disconnected her head.

Hiccup suddenly tripped over a rock and fell face first onto the floor of the plaza. His vision blurred for a moment. Astrid kicked a Hysteric and he was lying down on the floor curled up. At the corner

of her eye, Astrid saw a warrior about to make a grab for her friend.

"Hiccup, be careful!" Astrid jumped in between Hiccup and the viking, the Hysteric picking her up instead. Hiccup's brain and vision were finally working properly again. "Astrid!"

Astrid kicked her opponent and his grip on her loosened, only to have another Hysteric come up and grab her. "Hiccup, run!" she cried. "Go, get out of here!"

Hiccup looked around frantically. There was a small opening he could use to escape in between a Hysteric's hairy legs. He turned to look Astrid. She forced him a smile. "Don't worry," she said. "I'll be fine. I'm a soldier, aren't I? Now get going!"

Unable to resist Astrid's pleas, Hiccup shot right through the Hysteric's legs and made a sprint for anywhere but the plaza. His sheath nearly fell right off his belt. Hiccup grabbed it and slammed his back against the back wall of one of the nearby cliffs. He was breathing so heavily and so fast that he was scared it could be heard all the way to Valhalla.

A gang of Hysteric Soldier's ran past him without taking notice. "That little runt must've gone this way!" one of them yelled. "Why would that girl let him escape?" Hiccup winced a little. He knew that he was the runt of the tribe, but does it mean that his life was of less value?

Moments later, the footprints quieted down and not a single Hysteric was in sight. Hiccup slid his back against the wall and sat down. His hands still gripped the sword firmly. Hiccup swallowed hard. "I don't have a choice," he said. "If I want my comrades back, if I want to save Toothless," Hiccup took a deep breath in and unsheathed the sword. "I'm going to have to fight!"

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I have to admit I'm not putting a lot of effort into this story. I'm just writing what comes to mind. :)

Reviews are welcome!

6. Chapter 6: Captured

Time for a pretty cliché chapter.

I OWN NOTHING~!

This is kind of based on the books and the episode and some stuff I just threw in.

****Chapter Six: Captured (that was obviously bound to happen)****

When Hiccup realized that he was climbing a tree that was right next to the Hysteric Tribe Meade Hall (or Great Hall, same thing), he knew that he was insane. His hands gripped the branches tightly. A large portion of the tree towered above the Great Hall. The sheath of the

sword was on secured firmly onto his belt. The wind blew, fluttering his leather waistcoat in the air.

Hiccup slowly and carefully made his way to the end of the branch. He lowered himself, soon only hanging by hands. The roof of the Great Hall was about two feet below his feet. Hiccup released his grip on the tree and landed on the roof. There wasn't much light apart from the light from the moon.

Looking around, Hiccup spotted a few open windows leading into the Great Hall. He tiptoed to the first one. It was right above the center of the Great Hall. Below him, Hiccup saw dozens of large Hysterics cheering and eating the night away. Sitting on a large chair was a muscular man with a light brown beard. He had a scabbard on his belt and was wearing some leather armor. "That must be the chief of the Hysterics," Hiccup whispered to himself. "Norbert the Nutjob."

Slowly, Hiccup moved away from the window so that no one could see him. He headed for another window that was a way down the roof to his right. "If I were a mystical flower that could cure any sickness where would I be?" Hiccup peered over the second window. It was right above one of the corridors at the sides. It was dimly lit and no one was in sight.

"Hmm," Hiccup murmured, leaning in a little more. His hands suddenly slipped on the edge of the window and his head flew forward. Hiccup found that his left arm instinctively shot up and grabbed the rim of the window. Hiccup held his breath as he hung there dangling in the air.

His hand began to slip. The first thing Hiccup wanted to do was to haul himself back on top of the roof. Unfortunately, at the rate his hand was slipping, the only option he had was to go down. Sighing, Hiccup released his left hand and fell into the Hall below.

He landed onto the stone floor of the Great Hall with a soft _thud!
_His legs slightly ached from the impact. Silence suddenly fell in
the Great Hall. Hiccup threw himself against one of the stone pillars
of the room.

"Did anyone else hear that?" one of the Hysterics asked.

"No, it must be just you," another answered in a goofy tone. Hiccup guessed that he was drunk or something. "Just chill and enjoy the party!"

Holding his breath, Hiccup peered over the pillar. The Hall was filled with tables. And on top of those tables were lines and lines of food laid out for the Hysteric warriors. Hiccup's eyes scanned the room. They landed on a pile of bright purple flowers.

"Jackpot," he breathed. His eyes moved to the side. His brain didn't have to comprehend what he saw before Hiccup was smacked in the face by darkness.

[illegible]

His head was spinning. Hiccup groaned softly before he forced himself to open his eyes.

"Well looks like Mister

I-managed-to-escape-but-now-I-look-like-an-idiot-because-I-got-caught is now up," Snotlout sneered. Hiccup was still seeing double so he shook his head and blinked a few times before his vision started to clear. Hiccup found that his arms were above his head, tied up by rope that was attached to a wooden frame. His feet were in the air.

To his right was Astrid, Fishlegs and both twins while Snotlout was to his right. "Hiccup, if you were going to do a rescue mission, do it right." Everyone else was tied up in the same manner as he was and on the same frame. There was about a half a meter distance between each of them. None of them looked to beat up or battered, which Hiccup took as a good sign.

Hiccup's eyes swept across the room. The frame was far from any window, which was why he never saw it before. The Hysterics were still partying. On the opposite end of the Hall, Hiccup saw bushes filled with bright purple flowers.

The Dragon Flower.

Suddenly, Norbert, the man Hiccup saw sitting on the chair earlier stepped in front of them. "Well, well, well," he said, with a mug in his hand. "Looks like the last of our prisoners is now awake."

Hiccup suddenly gasped when he realized what Norbert was holding in his other hand: a leather scabbard. "Give that back!" Hiccup yelled, kicking his legs. "My father gave it to me!"

"This?" Norbert asked, holding up Hiccup's scabbard with the sword in it and waved it in front of him. "I don't think so, lad. Now how about stating me your name. Surely a runt like you didn't think you could sneak into Hysteria and make it out alive."

"I don't need to tell you anything," Hiccup replied, trying not to sound scared. But if you've looked a madman in the eye, you could tell that Hiccup was indeed very scared. Norbert's large hairy hands gripped Hiccup's hair tight. "Name and business, boy," Norbert demanded again.

"Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third," Hiccup choked out. "We're here for the Dragon Flower...s."

Norbert released his grip on Hiccup and the boy sucked in a lungful of air. "Hiccup?" Norbert repeated. "Ah, you must be Stoick's little embarrassment from the Isle of Berk. Maybe while you're here I could get you to spit out the identity of Berk's legendary Dragon Conquerer."

"They're still going on about that?" Hiccup muttered under his breath. "And there is no way I'm ever going to tell you anything."

Scoffing, Norbert backed away from the teens. "I must say I'm impressed that you lot actually came to Hysteria by yourselves. It's

nothing but a suicide mission! What would prompt you to do such a thing?"

"Our dragons are sick," Fishlegs spoke up. "We need the antidote that happens to be the Dragon Flower."

"Well you're not getting a single petal," Norbert snarled. "My father, Bigjob, had to travel across the Great Ocean to bring back those flowers, and we've been planting them ever since." Norbert paused. "What do you mean by 'your dragons'? So you actually keep those devils on your island? Fools! They'll just burn the island, run you out of house and home. One day, they'll might as well kill you."

"Don't doubt our dragons! You don't know anything about them!" Astrid retorted back at him, prompting Norbert to send her a glare.

"Bah!" he snapped, "why should I care what happens to your precious island. What I should care about is how to deal with you six." Norbert walked over to an axe sitting beside his "throne" in the center of the Great Hall. One side was a beautiful silver. But the other was made from dark metal.

"What are you going to do?" Snotlout asked, slightly shaking.

Norbert picked up the axe and strode back over to the viking teens. "It's Hysteric Tribe tradition," he began, holding the axe with pride, "to use this little ritual to decide what must be done with the prisoners." He waved the blade in front the teens, making sure that they get a good look at their upcoming fate. The other Hysterics now stopped their feasting to take a good look.

"I'll throw the axe once for each and every one of you." Norbert paused and looked at Hiccup. "Even for the runt." The chief cleared his throat. "If this axe lands on the light side, I throw you in the dungeon. If it lands on the dark side, it's going to be the end of the line for you."

A Hysteric warrior showed up, carrying with him a chopped down trunk. "We'll start with the twins. They count as one, don't they?" Norbert then threw the axe into the air. It spun a few times before it buried into the wood, right in the middle of the silver side. "The twins will be thrown in the dungeon!" Norbert declared, earning shouts of disappointment from the other Hysterics.

Ruffnut and Tuffnut heaved massive sighs of relief. Norbert continued the process for Snotlout, Fishlegs, and Astrid in that order. Astrid's luck was incredible since the axe landed just a little more than a centimeter from the dark side. The crowd was getting impatient. Hysterics love to spill some blood, especially during feasts and celebrations.

"Finally, we have Stoick's little son as the finale," Norbert declared, throwing the axe into the air once more. Hiccup held his breath. The axe spun in the air too fast for Hiccup to keep count. After what seemed an eternity, the axe finally buried itself into the log. Right in the middle of the black side.

Hiccup felt his heart sink as Astrid gave him a look of disbelief. In

a turn of luck, Hiccup was going to be sentenced to death. Cheers came from the Hysterics as Nutjob laughed whole-heartedly. "This should be a lot of fun!" he chuckled. Hiccup dropped his head.

At the corner of his eye, Hiccup caught sight of a small orange Terrible Terror walking on top of the wooden frame. Norbert paused as he saw the little dragon too. He scoffed and picked it up by the neck, causing the little dragon to choke.

"Don't hurt him!" Hiccup yelled. Norbert glared at him before flinging the Terror across the Hall. Hiccup winced as it was smacked into a wall. "Dragons," Norbert murmured. "Disgusting creatures. I can't believe how you manage to have them on your island."

"You say so just because you're still at war with them!" Hiccup shouted in reply. Norbert growled. He unsheathed the sword he had in his scabbard hanging on his belt and pointed it right at Hiccup's chest, against his bare skin. Hiccup didn't dare to gulp, scared that the blade would pierce his body.

"Just be quiet you little brat," Norbert snarled, pushing the tip of the blade forward a little so it sunk a little into the skin just above Hiccup's beating heart. A small stroke of red came from it. Nutjob suddenly sighed and brought the blade away from Hiccup who had a confused look on his face.

"Where are my manners?" he said, putting the sword back in it's scabbard. "This is a little uncivilized! Besides, I don't want to make a mess of my Meade Hall." Norbert shot a glare at Hiccup that sent a cold chill down his spine. "I'll make sure to give you a slow and painful death later, boy."

With that, Norbert turned back to his men and they continued to party. Astrid sighed in relief. "You're lucky to still be alive," she told him.

Hiccup nodded.

"What kind of luck do you have?" Fishlegs commented. Hiccup exhaled loudly. His gaze was now fixated on his scabbard that Norbert was still holding in his hand. The chief placed it down beside his chair. Hiccup furrowed his eyebrows.

"Hang in there,
Toothless."

[illegible]

I'm kind of looking forward to the next chapter. I'm trying to make it funny. I'm also really looking forward to Chapter Eight, and Mildew's girly screams that will come eventually.

7. Chapter 7: Meade Hall Mayhem

Chapter Seven already! This story is going much faster than I anticipated. I'm looking forward to chapter 8. One more to go! Sometimes I wish I didn't write in chronological order.

****Chapter Seven: Meade Hall Mayhem****

For once in his life, Hiccup was glad to be left out of a celebration. The Hysterics would hit each other, punch each other, and it looked a lot like a whole tribe of Ruffnuts and Tuffnuts.

His arms slowly begun to ache since they've been hanging over his head for the past three hours or so. One by one, each of the Hysterics have grown tired to partying and they eventually fell asleep. By the time it was midnight, the main sounds in the Meade Hall were snores. Even Norbert had helped himself and was now slumped to his chair fast asleep.

Astrid tried to lean in closer to Hiccup. "Got any plans for escaping?" she whispered. Hiccup shook his head solemnly. "If only we were in chains. Then I could find a way to pick the locks. Unfortunately, we're tied up with rope, so that means no chains."

"Don't you have any other ideas?" Snotlout hissed from the other side. Hiccup shrugged. "It would be easier to think if this fly would just clinging onto my arm." Hiccup nudged his head upwards, leading Astrid and Snotlout to see a small winged creature on Hiccup's left arm. Hiccup wiggled his arm a little and it flew off.

"At least something's cooperating," Hiccup murmured. His face suddenly lit up. "I wonder is that Terrible Terror Norbert threw is still around. Maybe we can get him to chew through the ropes."

"How?" Snotlout muttered, "ask it pretty please?"

"Why don't you try it, Snotlout," Astrid jeered in reply. As if on cue, Hiccup heard footsteps right above them. Sitting on top of their wooden frame was the very Terrible Terror Norbert had thrown across the room. Hiccup had to admit he was surprised the Terror didn't receive much pain.

"Come on little guy," Hiccup said softly. "Help us out here." The Terror looked across the line of vikings, as if deciding which one to free. After about two seconds, the Terror's jaws were nibbling on Hiccup's ropes. As soon as the bounds to his hands were free, Hiccup fell onto the floor.

Norbert turned in his chair and mumbled something. Hiccup heaved a sigh of relief. He turned to the Terror. "Thanks." The small dragon flew over to the banquet table and dug it's jaws into a left over drumstick. Hiccup walked over to one of the nearby tables, careful not to step on any sleeping Hysterics. He picked up a knife that was impaled in the wood and quickly made his way back to his friends.

Hiccup went to Astrid first, cutting her bounds lose. Astrid landed on the floor with much more grace and silence than Hiccup before taking the knife from him and went to work setting the other teens free. Though they were now down, Hiccup still could feel his arms aching.

Quietly, he tiptoed over to Norbert the Nutjob who still had Hiccup's sword leaning against his chair. Pursing his lips, Hiccup bent down

and made a reach for it. Norbert smelled a lot like grilled boar and beer mixed with wine. The boar smell made Hiccup hungry, but the stench of beer and wine just made him want to hurl. Hiccup pinched his nose for a second before tiptoeing away from the sleeping chief who was snoring soundly. Heaving a sigh of relief, Hiccup secured the scabbard to his belt.

All the other viking teens were now free. "Okay guys," Astrid began very very quietly. "All we need to do is get those flowers and we are out of here." Fishlegs walked over to a corner of the Hall where the Hysterics had dumped the straw bag. Hiccup's eyes scanned the room. He spotted a piece of paper with a shard of charcoal and some string sitting on one of the tables.

Picking up the charcoal, Hiccup started to write something on the paper. Ruffnut and Tuffnut walked over to him, peering over his shoulder as he wrote. "What'cha writing?" Ruffnut asked.

"A note," Hiccup replied as he finished writing. "We have to get this note to Sven, let him know that he needs to be ready to set sail any time. We don't know if we're going to get chased by Hysterics." He rolled up the piece of paper and secured it to a knife sitting on the table. Carved into the knife's wooden handle was a picture of what looked like an amulet. Hiccup shrugged and tied the note to the knife. He handed it to Tuffnut. "Tuff, as soon as the boat's in your reach, aim this right at the ship's mast."

"Got it," the twin answered, but that didn't reassure Hiccup much. He was hoping that the twins could be reliable when they want to be. Especially now when they cannot afford any slip ups.

"I'm hungry," Snotlout suddenly said. "I'm going to go get something to eat." He slowly made his way to a cauldron sitting in the middle of the room over a small fire. At least, that's what he think it was. "Um, guys," Snotlout began anxiously, gesturing for the others to come over. "Is it just me, or do these little things look strangely familiar?"

Fishlegs raised an eyebrow and looked into the fire. It was actually a bunch of sleeping... "Not more Fireworm dragons," he groaned. "Just be careful not to scare them. Other than that, we'll be fine."

As if on cue, Ruffnut suddenly tripped over the arm of a large sleeping Hysteric, knocking into her brother, how fell onto Hiccup, who nudged Astrid into bumping on Fishlegs, who in turn pushed Snotlout forward. Snotlout's helmet banged itself against the metal of the cauldron, the sound of the impact echoing loudly throughout the hall.

"What is up with our luck today?" Hiccup moaned as the Fireworms beneath the cauldron started to stir and turn bright yellow. The Hysterics around them started to get on their feet. Norbert, however, was already standing on his chair. "Who dares to wake me up at this hour?" he boomed loudly, making the Fireworms turn even brighter.

"Get back!" Hiccup yelled as the teens took several steps backwards as the Fireworms started to crawl out of the small pit they were kept in. Their fiery hot feet treaded the bodies of the sleeping Hysterics, waking them up in rage. It was then that Norbert had

realized that his prisoners were free. He let out a cry of anger before the Hysteric Meade Hall became an all out war zone.

Newly awoken Hysterics made for their weapons and quickly swiped them up at the Fireworms who just kept on crawling towards them. Many Hysterics were standing on tables, trying to get away from the Fireworm's blazing skin. Some were hitting the Fireworms, and some were just hitting their fellow tribe-mates, earning them angry glares and they started to fight amongst each other.

At the same time, fumbling through the mess of people were the viking teens from Berk who were making their way across the Hall towards the bushes of the Dragon Flowers.

"Stop them!" Norbert roared throughout the hall. Around a hundred eyes turned to face the teens. Astrid swore under her breath. She grabbed an axe sitting on the ground and stopped running.

"Astrid, what are you doing?" Fishlegs exclaimed. "Hurry up!"

"You guys go ahead and get those flowers!" Astrid shouted in reply. "We need as many as we can get to cure all the dragons. I'll hold these guys off!"

"What about the Fireworms?"

"I'll worry about that later, for now just get those flowers!"

Snotlout pulled Fishlegs' arm. "Come on, we have to listen to her!" Fishlegs reluctantly headed for the end of the room. Hiccup and the Thorston Twins held up a bundle of purple flowers. Snotlout yanked the bag off Fishleg's shoulders and swung the lid off violently.

Tuffnut and Ruffnut poured all their flowers in, followed by Hiccup. Soon enough, the Twins were trying to see which one of them could collect more. In a minute or so, the bag was almost stuffed to the brim with Dragon Flowers.

Astrid was holding up surprisingly well against the Hysteric Warriors, since there were already five lying down at her feet. Hiccup turned, only to see a Fireworm that had started to crawl up her boots. Astrid yelped in surprise. As the Fireworm made contact with her skin, Astrid felt as if her flesh was on fire and screamed in pain.

"Astrid!" Hiccup yelled as he ran over. Using his prosthetic foot, Hiccup kicked the Fireworm clean off Astrid's leg, only to have it cling to his foot and made it's way up his leg. Hiccup cried out as well before quickly using his right hand, picked up the burning dragon and threw it off. His fingers felt as if they were bitten off. "I can't believe it," he said through gritted teeth, "that was so dumb."

"Hiccup!" Fishlegs yelled from the end of the Hall. He hauled the bag over his shoulder. A hundred or so flowers were actually heavier than he had thought. "We got the flowers! Let's get out of here!" Hiccup looked around frantically, his eyes searching for a way out. "The roof!" he shouted without thinking.

"Uh," said Hiccup very intelligently. His eyes landed on the large doors of the Meade Hall. But at the same time, it was currently occupied by a bunch of Fireworms. Hiccup ran over to the nearest torch, jerked it out and dumped it on to the nearest table, setting it ablaze.

"We don't have a choice!" Hiccup answered. "It's the only way we'll get the Fireworms to clear the path." Snotlout, Tuffnut, Ruffnut and Fishlegs hurried over to Hiccup. The fire slowly spread to the other tables and furniture, causing the Hysterics to panic and scream. Astrid finished off another Hysteric before joining her fellow friends.

"You never had to ask!" replied Hiccup. Snotlout and Fishlegs were the first to run. The exit was all the way on the other side of the Hall. A crazed Norbert the Nutjob was swinging his sword at every Fireworm in sight. Though the numbers slowly died down, he was still very much distracted that he didn't notice the band of viking teenagers running past him until Hiccup, who was the last in the pack, jogged past him.

As for Hiccup, his heart was pounding hard against his chest. He was actually afraid that it was going to burst open. His hands still stung from that touch with the Fireworm. That was definitely something he didn't want to feel again. Hiccup suddenly felt his gut tighten. Something wasn't right.

"What?!" Hiccup exclaimed, earning the attention of the viking teens who stopped running and looked at Hiccup in awe despite the blazing heat. Norbert chuckled sinisterly.

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8. Chapter 8: The Innate Ability Awakens

It's kind of sad that I can't write a good sword-fighting scene...especially when I want it to happen so much!

I OWN NOTHING!

****Chapter Eight: The Innate Ability Awakens****

"Hiccup!" Astrid cried. Hiccup's arm was struggling against Norbert's massive strength. The Hysteric Chief lifted his sword lightly before giving Hiccup a hard punch in the stomach. The boy dropped his sword and fell onto the ground. Norbert laughed as pointed the blade at Hiccup's throat.

"Don't touch him!" Astrid screamed, charging right at Norbert, axe in hand. Norbert brought up his sword and blocked Astrid's blow with ease. He grabbed her right arm and flung her halfway across the room. Astrid used her legs to skid into a stop just before she ran into one of the blazing tables.

Astrid bit her lip as Norbert launched himself at her, slashing his sword down. Astrid jumped, landing on Norbert's arm. The chief scoffed and pulled his arm away. Astrid lost her footing and fell back first onto the floor of the Meade Hall. The axe skidded away from her reach.

"Incredible," Snotlout breathed. "Even Astrid got beaten as if she was nothing."

"Do we even have a chance to get out of here safely?" Fishlegs gulped. Hiccup clutched his torso. Looking up, Hiccup saw Astrid wincing, trying to get the pain from her back out of her mind. But Norbert was already holding his sword above her head, ready to bring down the final blow.

"Die!" he exclaimed. Astrid gasped and closed her eyes, preparing for the impact.

"Astrid!" all the viking teens cried simultaneously.

Clink!

The sound of metal clashing filled the halls. Everyone fell silent. Slowly, Astrid forced her eyelids to open. Norbert's sword never made contact with her. Instead, in between her and Norbert was, of all people, _Hiccup_, who moved with speed he didn't know he had and managed to get in front of her. And what was even more surprising was that Norbert's sword was stopped by Hiccup's own blade.

"Hiccup," Astrid whispered. Norbert raised an eyebrow. The Hysteric chief stared into Hiccup's dark green eyes filled with determination and rage. "Don't touch my friends," he growled in a dangerously low voice that it even sent a shiver down Snotlout's spine.

Letting out a force of energy Hiccup never knew ever existed in his body, he forced Norbert's sword backwards. Astrid staggered to her feet. "Hiccup..."

"Astrid, go!" Hiccup shouted. "Get out of here. Have Tuffnut send Sven that message and get the boat ready."

"What about you?" she asked desperately. "You can't just stay here and hold Norbert off by yourself!" Hiccup stared blankly into Norbert's eyes. Filled with murder, as expected from a madman.

"It's not like you can hold him back either."

Astrid wanted to say something, knowing that Hiccup was just going to get himself killed. But he had known him for a while and picked up a few things. First of all, he's really really stubborn. Second, he's not much of a fighter. And yet...there's something about this side of Hiccup that made her feel safe, that he could actually go head to head against Norbert.

"What are you standing around for? Hurry up and go!" Hiccup yelled loudly.

"You got it," Astrid finally answered, running over to the other viking teens.

"You're actually going to leave him like that?" Tuffnut asked her. Astrid turned back to look at Hiccup, who was now in a solid stance with the sword firmly gripped in his hands.

"He's the heir to our tribe, isn't he?" she replied. "We have to trust him if we want him to lead us in the future." The other viking teens turned to look at each other before nodding.

"Tuff, send that message to Sven now!" Astrid ordered as they ran and left the Meade Hall. She peered over her shoulder. "Good luck, Hiccup."

Inside, the fire grew. The smoke stung Hiccup's eyes and throat. It felt like he was being roasted alive. Again.

"So this is Stoick's little embarrassment," Norbert chuckled arrogantly. "If I lose to a runt like this I might as well resign as chief."

"Then I'll make you resign!" Hiccup lunged forward. Norbert was clearly caught my surprise when he jumped back and parried the blow. Hiccup had absolutely no idea what he was doing when Norbert thrust the blade forward and Hiccup found that his left hand jerked up and blocked the blow that would have disconnected his neck.

Norbert swung for Hiccup's head. The boy ducked in the nick of time, the sword slicing off the edge of a hair. Hiccup jumped backwards when Norbert brought his sword down vertically, exclaiming in surprise. Norbert moved closer, attempting the same movement. Hiccup's arm moved on it's own accord and held the blade above his face, blocking the blow.

The two swords resulted in a lock.

While Norbert was growling furiously, Hiccup took the advantage and slipped in between Norbert's legs, popping up behind him and attempted to attack from there. Norbert swung around and parried Hiccup's blow. He pulled the sword backwards and thrust it forward quickly, attempting to stab Hiccup in the stomach. The boy jumped backwards out of surprise.

Hiccup was breathing heavily and quickly. The heat of the fire stung his skin, making them sweat and loosen his grip on the sword's hilt. Norbert swung at his feet. Hiccup jolted upright into the air backwards, landing on one of the wooden chairs. It wasn't on fire yet, but Hiccup tell that it was about to be. And so were the chandeliers towering over them. It would only be a matter time before it would start to rain wood. What's worse is that it could actually block Hiccup's way out.

"I never thought a runt like you could actually fight," Norbert snarled. "Now quit moving so I can kill you."

"I'd rather not," Hiccup answered quickly, leaping from the benches as Norbert brought the blade down. Unfortunately, Hiccup wasn't jumping in a specific direction. He realized his mistake when Norbert slammed a giant hand into Hiccup's throat, ramming him into the stone wall just behind him.

Hiccup exclaimed in pain. The walls were collecting heat from the fire, and that hot stone was pressing against his skin. Norbert's grip tightened. Hiccup started to feel himself run out of air and kicked his legs wildly.

Out of desperation, Hiccup tensed his hold on his sword and lashed it out at Norbert's arm. The chief cried out in pain, slackening his grip on Hiccup. The boy fell onto the floor, teary eyed and coughing.

Suddenly, Hiccup heard a snap quickly followed by a crash. He whipped his head to his right and saw that the first of the five chandeliers hanging on the ceiling had fallen onto the ground.

"Come on, Odin, at least help me out," he grumbled under his breath. At the corner of his eye, Hiccup saw Norbert towering above him. The boy sidestepped a split second to slow and Norbert's swipe left him with a streak of pain on his right cheek. Hiccup winced slightly but didn't falter.

Hiccup brought up his blade that once again clashed with Norbert's. The large viking pushed his strength into it. "Why are you going through all of this for a pathetic little dragon?"

"Toothless is not a pathetic little dragon!" Hiccup retorted, stepping backwards and lashing out at Norbert even though he had no idea what he was doing. "He's my best friend. And he's a dragon, a Night Fury!"

"Night Fury?" Norbert repeated, slightly interested.

Hiccup swore under his breath. "I probably should not have said that," he muttered, letting his guard down for a split second. Norbert lunged for Hiccup in that split second. Hiccup turned, leaving him a cut on the left of his torso. Pain was coming in from all bits of his body. His skin burned from the fire, cuts and bruises here and there. And now that he was thinking about it, the aching his arms came back.

"At least the Fireworms are now all gone. Or crushed," Hiccup told himself when the second chandelier fell from the sky. Above him, Hiccup could hear the sound of the third chandelier's ropes snapping.

"And I'm about to be~!" he cried as he lurched backwards, out of the way. Hiccup landed on his behind, his sword falling out of his hands.

Even in this situation, Hiccup noticed a strange looking item on the floor. It was a metallic circle with all kinds of arrows on it. "Interesting," he breathed. Hiccup was interrupted by a battle cry from Norbert. He stuffed the weird object that was surprisingly cold into his waistcoat pocket and grabbed the sword in his left arm. The arm jerked upwards, deflecting Norbert's attack in the nick of time. The force of the lunge forced Hiccup onto his back.

Quickly, Hiccup rolled to the side as Norbert's blade made contact with the floor. Hiccup got back up and lashed his blade out at Norbert with all his strength. The chief brought up his sword and the two blades struck once again. None of the Hystercs were around to watch the battle anymore. They all had ran for their lives.

Above him, Hiccup could make out the fourth chandelier slowly loosening from it's ropes. He gulped and moved backwards, sidestepping just in time. Hiccup prayed that Norbert was hit by the chandelier, but of course, no such luck.

The two stood opposite of each other. Fire surrounded the entire Hall, chairs and tables all burnt. There was only one chandelier left, and it was barely hanging just above the exit.

"I have to get out of here now," Hiccup whispered to himself.

"You're not going anywhere!" Norbert growled, launching himself forward. A surge of energy shot into Hiccup unlike anything else. His own arm shot forward and with a neat flick of his wrist, Norbert's sword was thrown into the air.

The chief stared at the small boy in disbelief. Hiccup too would have been proud of his accomplishment.

Snap!

Hiccup saw the last chandelier coming and hurled himself out of the Meade Hall just as it came crashing down and ceiling off the exit. Smoke, dust and debris flew all over the place as Hiccup squeezed his eyes shut. He coughed and blinked a few times before he realized that he was lying on the grass outside of the burning Meade Hall. Hiccup stood up shakily.

"I did it," he breathed to himself. "I got away from Norbert the Nutjob!" But of course, Hiccup couldn't celebrate yet.

"There he is!"

Hiccup whipped his head around to see that several Hysteric warriors pointed spear tips and swords at him. Hiccup dropped his shoulders.

"Give me a break!"

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Well, that was fun! Though it took quite a lot of time.

9. Chapter 9: Escape from Hysteria

The ninth chapter! I dislike writing running scenes...

Chapter Nine: Escape from Hysteria

For Hiccup, it was out of the frying pan and into the fire. Out of one life threatening situation into another. But we'll go into detail on Hiccup a little later, shall we?

Because meanwhile, in the seas surrounding Hysteria was a second ship. It had set sail from Berk just a little after noon that day and it was sailing fast. On board it were four men: Gobber the Belch, Mildew, as well as some random villager. Standing in the middle of the ship his clenched fists was Stoick the Vast.

"I can't believe you let my son go to Hysteria, Gobber!" Stoick bellowed. "He could be killed by now! Why didn't you stop him?"

"I told you, Stoick," Gobber began to reply, "I tried. But the boy's too stubborn! He won't listen to a single thing I say!"

"Then next time lock him up in the house or something!" Stoick sighed frustratedly. "Someone has got to change that stubborn attitude of his."

"Oh sure, like you're going to be able to do that," Gobber muttered. Mildew on the other hand, stepped up in front of Stoick. "Explain to me again why am I on this ship heading for the crazed Hysteric Tribe!" Mildew demanded in the chief's face. "I dug up the flowers, I've done my part!"

"But you did start the whole thing," Stoick answered sternly. "Therefore it's only natural that you saw it through to the end."

Mildew growled under his breath. "That boy," he said softly so that Stoick couldn't hear him. "He always gets in the way of every single chance I get to get rid of those dragons!" Mildew stepped away from Stoick and Gobber, heading off to the side of the ship. "But if I get rid of him, getting rid of the dragons will be easy."

Gobber squinted his eyes and looked towards the horizon. There, he saw a growing shadow of a mountainous and rocky island. "The Isle of Hysteria," he declared, "dead ahead!"

"Steady as she goes," Stoick boomed before he said in a much softer voice, "hang in there, son. We're coming for you."

Now why don't we get back to Hiccup on Hysteria, shall we. Now where were we? Oh yes, Hiccup being pointed at by spears from a bunch of Hysteric Warriors. Sometimes he thinks it's strange how he survives all of the things he encounters. And for a moment, Hiccup didn't move.

One of the Hysterics suddenly spoke. "Hang on a second, didn't he just escape from the chief?"

A few of the others lowered their weapons slightly. "Now that you mention it...HOLY THUNDER OF THOR! The chief is still in the Meade Hall!" A bunch of the Hysterics screamed as half of them stumbled over to the burning building. The remaining Hysterics took solid stances.

"Alright," one of them said, "now let's focus back on the escaped-" He stopped short when he realized that his spear was no longer pointing at Hiccup, and instead empty air.

"See you guys later!" Hiccup yelled from behind them as he took off down the hill. He realized that it was much smoother than the other side of the island. So it must be that the ship with Sven and the other teenagers are at the bottom of the hill. If he could get there, then he would be home free.

Suddenly, a Hysteric showed up in front of Hiccup. The boy forced his legs to stop. He drew his blade as it clashed with the Hysteric's spear. Hiccup brought his sword up and brought it down, slicing the metal spear tip off. The Hysteric stared at in surprise as Hiccup ran off.

Behind him, angry shouts came from the infuriated Hysteric Warriors. Hiccup sheathed his sword so he could run easier. His legs were moving as fast as they could but it was draining his strength fast. Eventually, his pace started to slow down.

Down at the edge of the hill was a small cliff, around a two meter drop or so. Below that cliff sat a ship from Berk. Sven was at the helm, ready to go at any moment. Astrid leaned uneasily against the mast of the ship. And she was not the only one who's nervous. Her mind flashed back to the image of Hiccup saving her from Norbert. Could he really beat him?

Shouts and noises eventually made it's way to the ship. Astrid redirected her gaze up the hill. The angry cries echoed down to the ship, it's volume increasing by the minute. Slowly, the sight of lit torches could be seen. She cursed. "Did the Hysterics find out about the ship?" she asked.

"It's probably just some kind of wimp getting himself chased by soldiers," said Snotlout smugly, standing up. All eyes on the ship turned to him immediately.

"Wimp?" Fishlegs repeated before mentally smacking his forehead.

"Hiccup," they all muttered.

"He's getting himself chased by Hysterics?" said Ruffnut unintelligently. A smile suddenly lit up on Astrid's face. "He got away from Norbert!" she cried excitedly, congratulating him on the inside. They might actually make it out of here. She turned to Sven. "Set sail! Hiccup can jump on the ship when he gets here!"

Unfortunately, Hiccup wasn't so sure. He was still running and his legs began to ache. Chasing around flaming sheep was nothing compared to this! And he was sure it wasn't just his imagination that his

prosthetic foot was actually hurting. "Come on, guys," he wheezed in between breaths. "Can't we at least have a time out?"

The Hysterics refused to slow down. Or on the contrary, it seemed that they sped up. Hiccup groaned. Suddenly, he stopped abruptly as a man grabbed his waistcoat and pulled him up. Hiccup didn't have to turn around to see that the Hysteric was about to either stab him or chop his head off, so he just ripped his arms from the waistcoat, leaving him in his long sleeved green tunic and continued down the hill.

Looking forward, Hiccup managed to make out the figure of a ship. A grin appeared on his face. So his friends did make it after all. It was just then that Hiccup noticed the sheer drop at the edge of the hill and managed to force himself to skid to a stop in time. Below, the faces of Astrid and the others were looking up at him.

"Come on, Hiccup!" Astrid yelled. "Jump!" Hiccup turned to look behind him to see the gang of bloodthirsty Hysterics closing in on him. He gulped. Getting bruised is better than being killed any day. Hiccup leaped off the cliff, grabbing hold of one of the ropes that held the sail up and slid down onto the deck.

As soon as he set foot on the ship, Astrid ran over to him and gave him a rib crushing hug. "I've nearly been killed enough times today!" he choked out. Astrid let him go and backed off. "Don't you dare make me worried like that ever again!"

"You dirty little viking!"

Hiccup looked above him to see Hysterics peering over the ledge and yelling down at them with balled up fists. The ship moved away from the cliff, so leaping off would only result in falling into freezing waters. Hiccup turned to look away and stared off into the distance. "Remind me to not visit Hysteria in at least five years," he said blankly. The other teenagers chuckled in reply. Even Sven was smiling at the back of the ship.

The boat sailed away from Hysteria, the wind and currents carrying it back towards Berk. When they were sure that the Hysterics weren't pursuing them, Hiccup dropped onto the floor. "That's enough excitement for one day," he murmured. "I'm exhausted." He finally sat down and took some time to examine his wounds. The cut on the cheek was stinging a little bit. His back no longer felt like it was on fire. His legs ached like hell and the two cuts he received weren't that deep. They clotted a few minutes ago.

"Hey, Hiccup!" Fishlegs called him. Hiccup turned around to see Fishlegs holding a bag filled with purple flowers. "We've got the antidote!"

Hiccup got up and couldn't help but grin. They did it. They got the antidote. Now the only thing left was to fight against time. Hiccup peered over the edge of the boat, looking at the horizon in the direction of home. There, he spotted another ship heading towards them. It was definitely coming from the direction of Berk. Hiccup's eyes widened.

"Dad!" he shouted out into the sea. In a few minutes, the two boats met each other. Stoick rushed over and hugged his son tightly. "How

many times are my ribs going to be crushed today?"

"Hiccup!" Stoick yelled at Hiccup, letting him go of his grasp. "What were you thinking? Don't you ever do something as crazy as this ever again!" He turned to the viking teenagers. "And you're no better!" Stoick looked to see a familiar face at the helm. "Sven, why are you even here?"

Gobber then hopped over to the other ship as well and took a good look at Hiccup. "Where did you get all those wounds?" he asked.

"I was kind of fighting against Norbert the Nutjob," Hiccup replied sheepishly, scratching the back of his head. Stoick blinked a few times as he allowed what Hiccup had just said to sink in.

"You. Fought. Against. Norbert. And lived." The chief whooped in joy. "As expected from my son!" Stoick patted Hiccup whole heartedly on the back. Hiccup smiled until he noticed Mildew standing on the deck of the other ship. "What's he doing here?" he said between gritted teeth.

"Oh him," said Gobber, "he's just tagging along since he was the one who started the whole thing. And all the flowers have been dug up and gotten rid of."

"Great job, Gobber," Hiccup answered before looking up the sky. Looks like it's smooth sailing from here. And it was for a few seconds. Before a giant green dragon popped up from beneath the waves.

Hiccup sobbed slightly on the inside. "What am I, cursed?!"

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Definitely not my favorite chapter. Didn't really enjoy writing this one that much.

10. Chapter 10: The Sea Dragon

I hate school...I hate writer's block...I also won't be writing fanfics for a while after I finish this one since I'm entering NaNoWriMo, or National Novel Writing Month which is this November. The challenge is to write a 50,000 word novel in on month! Let's see if I'm up to the challenge.

Chapter Ten: The Sea Dragon

"S-s-s-scauldron!" Fishlegs screamed at the top of his lungs. Hiccup stared wide eyed at the large dragon. The Scauldron hissed, it's eyes scanning the boats. Hiccup furrowed his eyebrows. "Is he looking for something?"

The Scauldron hauled itself onto the boat with the viking teenagers, tilting it immensely towards the large sea dragon. Stoick, Gobber and Sven grabbed the side of the ship, stopping them from falling towards the Scauldron. The viking teens however, were sliding down the deck of the ship with Mildew.

Mildew crashed into the mast and held, letting out a girly scream and

yelp as he did. Astrid stretched her left hand, grabbing one of the ropes that held onto the mast. Her right hand stretched out and gripped Snotlout's feet, who reached out to Ruffnut who then quickly grabbed onto her brother. Tuffnut's arm shot forward and wrapped fingers around Fishlegs who quickly got a hold of Hiccup's prosthetic foot, making the young heir exclaim in surprise.

"Don't pull it off!" he yelled. Fishlegs quickly changed his grip to Hiccup's right foot. Suddenly the strap of the straw bag holding the Dragon Flowers snapped and the bag fell off of Fishlegs' back, falling down towards the Scauldron's open mouth. "So that's what he wants," Hiccup whispered to himself. His eyes quickly followed the bag as it glided down the deck.

Astrid was struggling on her grip with the rope. "You guys need to hang on by yourselves!" she shouted. Astrid dug her feet onto the wooden deck, trying to gain some solid ground. Hiccup's left arm went for the hilt of his sword. He drew the blade as his arm shot forward. Quickly, Hiccup's sword hooked the unbroken strap of the bag. "Got it!" he exclaimed. "Astrid, pull us up!" Hiccup wrapped his arms around the bag, not wanting to lose it again.

"Easy for you to say!" she groaned loudly. To her surprise, Stoick slid down beside her and took Snotlout's hands, dragging him upwards along with all the viking teens just as the Scauldron snapped its jaws forward. Hiccup yelped. "Why does it want the Dragon Flower so badly?"

"Maybe I forgot to mention it," Fishlegs spoke up softly, "but I've heard legends that the Scauldron feeds on it. And be careful or you'll get soaked in boiling hot water! It could burn your flesh right off your bones!"

"You've got to be kidding me," Hiccup grumbled. His father pulled him up by the collar, tugging him off Fishlegs. "You alright, son?"

"I'm fine, dad," Hiccup answered. Stoick placed him back onto the deck as Hiccup wrapped one hand around the side of the ship, the other firm on the straw bag.

The Scauldron lets out a hissing sound. It stepped forward slightly, rocking the entire boat. "We have no choice," said Gobber over Mildew's screams. "We're going to have to kill it."

Stoick nodded.

"Wait, what?" Hiccup cried. "Dad, no, you can't! It's a dragon!"

"That dragon is after the antidote for our poisoned ones. If he doesn't go down, we're losing every single dragon on Berk."

Reluctantly, Hiccup sucked in his lips as Stoick got out an axe that was caught at the helm. As if the Scauldron knew what was going on, it got off the ship and dove back into the water. The ship tilted to its normal angle. Hiccup's breathing quivered. "That's it?" Tuffnut asked. "Well that was easy."

"I don't think it's gone yet," Astrid whispered, her gaze following a

green shadow beneath the waves as it circled the ship. The Scauldron suddenly disappeared.

"Is it gone?" Mildew asked softly in a shaking voice. "Get me off of this ship right now!"

"And into the water?" Snotlout smirked. "Gladly." Mildew laughed sheepishly. "On second thought, I'm rather fond of the boat."

A second later, the ship leaped several meters into the air, earning yelps and screams from the vikings on board. A couple drops of the boiling water rained on Hiccup's hand, making him loosen his grip on the side of the ship and was thrown into the air.

"Hiccup!" Astrid screamed. The boat started to fall back down towards the sea, with Hiccup right above it. At the corner of his vision, Hiccup saw that the other ship, the one that his father and Gobber came with, was slowly drifting away. With one arm still wrapped tightly around the bag, Hiccup extended the other, grabbing the sail and clung onto it for dear life.

The ship slammed back into the water and the Scauldron emerged again. It's eyes were glued on Hiccup who had hauled the unbroken strap of the straw bag over his shoulder.

"Hiccup, look out!" Stoick cried out from beneath. Hiccup whipped his head around to see a pair of massive fang aiming for his face. With his right arm holding onto the sail, his left went for the sword and lashed it at the sail, ripping it under Hiccup's weight and he swooped down just as the Scauldron's teeth crashed into the sail. The force was so much that the mast of the ship was torn off and thrown into the water as the Scauldron launched itself over the ship. It crashed back into the waves and shook the sail off before coming back to the boat.

Panting, Hiccup placed his hands on his knees, trying to catch his breath. Everyone, minus Mildew, ran over to Hiccup. "Are you alright?" Gobber asked worriedly. "I'm fine," Hiccup wheezed.

Suddenly, Hiccup felt his heart sank when he noticed that the the Scauldron was looming right above him. Vapor started to appear in the dragon's mouth.

"Everyone take cover!" Stoick bellowed loudly. Astrid, Fishlegs, Snotlout and the twins grabbed one of the shields hanging on the side of the ship and pressed them hard against their bodies as they crouched behind them. Stoick, Gobber, Sven and Mildew did the same. Hiccup ducked behind the remains of the mast as a flurry of boiling water flew right past him.

He heard the sound of a snap. Whirling his head around, Hiccup saw the straw bag fly out towards the sea. "The antidote!" he yelled, shooting his right arm forward in an attempt to reach it. The bag flew over the deck and into the sea below. Hiccup nearly threw himself into the ocean after it when a pair of arms immediately wrapped around his torso and pulled him back.

The Scauldron rose up from the waters and in one gulp, swallowed the entire pile of Dragon Flowers, bag and all. With that, the Scauldron

disappeared beneath the waves. Hiccup breathed heavily. He looked to the corner of his eye and noticed that it was Astrid who held him back. Hiccup's eyes stung and he dropped onto the floor on his hands.

"It's gone," he whispered, barely audible. Hiccup fought to hold back his sobs. "The antidote's gone." Astrid sighed and released her grip on him. Hiccup banged his fist onto the deck of the ship. "We were so close! We made it all the way to Hysteria, we found the antidote, we escaped from Norbert, only to lose at the last leg of the journey!"

"But Hiccup," Fishlegs spoke up. Hiccup turned to look at his friend. Fishlegs pointed to a bright purple flower sitting on the deck of the ship near the broken mast. "There's still one flower left."

Hiccup sighed, averting his gaze to the single Dragon Flower that remained. "But that means we can only cure one dragon," he said softly. "Then the question is who's dragon."

"Don't worry, Hiccup," Astrid told him, placing a hand on his shoulder. "It's going to be fine. Those dragon's are tough as nails. I'm sure they'll be fine."

"Oh, so now you're saying we went to Hysteria for nothing?"

"Come on, kids," said Stoick before lowering his voice, "and Mildew, let's go home."

[illegible]

Hiccup kept his gaze towards the horizon and at the figure of Berk that was growing closer by the minute. After the Scauldron left, his father and Gobber swam over to the other boat and brought it over to the wrecked up one. The vikings switched ships before heading back to Berk. It was getting late and the sun was almost touching the sea.

Hiccup's arms were at his elbows as he stared. He didn't know what else he could do. He wanted to crawl into a hole and hide in it for the rest of his life, blaming himself for losing the antidote as such a crucial moment.

Quietly, footsteps approached him. "It's going to be alright, son," Stoick said to Hiccup softly. "Thornado arrived on the island with me and he seemed alright. I just didn't bring him with me since I couldn't carry a whole load of viking teenagers on a single dragon. And I think he insisted that he was going to stay on the island and take care of the other dragons."

"What does it matter?" Hiccup grumbled, "without the antidote, the dragons are not going to be cured."

"Who knows," Gobber suddenly chimed in. "Maybe they will. Just wait until we get home. Then you can see for yourself."

Hiccup pressed his lips together and looked back at Berk's growing silhouette. Around an hour or so later, the ship anchored at one of

Berk's docks. Quickly, Spitelout, Snotlout's father came running towards them.

"What's wrong?" Stoick asked him. Spitelout was panting. He took a deep breath in before answering, "It's the dragon's Stoick. They're-

Before saying another word, Hiccup ran off the ship right past the two adults. "Hiccup, wait!" Astrid shouted but Hiccup ignored her. He climbed up the ramps the piers, up into the village plaza. He darted in between all the villagers swiftly, refusing to turn to talk or slow down for a single moment. Hiccup raced up the stairs towards his house. Outside, Thornado was at the door. Hiccup didn't bother to greet the Thunderdrum and flung the door open albeit a little violently.

Inside, Hiccup saw a scene that broke his heart. Toothless was curled up near the fireplace his eyes closed. Gothi was kneeled down next to him. Hiccup swallowed hard. "How is he?" he gulped.

The sound of footsteps piled in behind him as Astrid, the other viking teens, as well as Stoick and Gobber arrived at the Haddock House.

To their surprise and Hiccup's massive relief, Toothless' eyes fluttered open. His gaze was happy and cheerful. The Night Fury pounced himself onto Hiccup in a second. Everyone else stepped out of the way as Hiccup was pushed onto the floor with Toothless licking his face.

"You're alright," he breathed. Hiccup swung his arms around the dragon's neck and turned to look at Gothi. "What happened?"

Gobber stepped forward when Gothi started to draw on the floor again. "Ah," said Gobber, "she says that the dragons were just reacting to the flowers. But they weren't around long enough for the dragons to be severely poisoned. So when the flowers were dug out, the dragons healed on their own."

"So that means Stormfly, Meatlug and the others are alright too!" Astrid exclaimed excitedly. Gothi nodded as the viking teens cheered and whooped. Toothless stepped off his rider, allowing Hiccup to stand up straight and patted the dragon on the head.

Suddenly, a large pang of pain hit Hiccup in the head. His vision blurred immediately. Hiccup stumbled forward. The cheering died down. "Hiccup?" they all whispered.

Hiccup started to see double. His arms were suddenly numb, his legs stiff and his chest incredibly tight. Hiccup felt as if he was being strangled. His eyes closed as his legs gave way and he suddenly fell forward.

"Hiccup!"

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For those of you who've read the books, you know what's going to happen next. :3

11. Chapter 11: Norbert's Little Souvenir

This should be the final chapter!

****Chapter Eleven: Norbert's Little Souvenir (would you like to keep that?）****

Sweat trickled down Hiccup's face as he struggled to breathe. His breathing became uneven and short. As for his body, it felt like it was on fire or torn to shreds. Astrid placed a cool cloth over Hiccup's forehead. "He's burning," she whispered.

Toothless came in and nudged his rider's shoulder. Hiccup had been brought into the house and is now lying down on his bed. Mildew had, of course, left since he couldn't care less about the boy who always foiled his plans. Everyone else however, was standing around Hiccup's room. It had been this way for around ten minutes already.

Gothi stepped forward. She leaned onto Hiccup's chest, taking a good observation of his heartbeat. She then popped his mouth open and looked at his tongue. She pulled up Hiccup's eyelids that were burning as well as his entire body. Gothi thought for a moment before scribbling on the floor.

Gobber peered over. "She said Hiccup has Vorpentitis." The blacksmith paused. "What's that?"

"It's a rare illness that can be contracted by both humans and dragons," Fishlegs explained. "The poison is incredibly fatal, few to none have been known to survive from it. It's only cause is a bite from the Venomous Vorpent, a nanodragon and it can't be found on Berk."

"Norbert!" Stoick boomed with rage and fury. "He must have done something!"

"Of course!" Snotlout exclaimed. "Hiccup was the one sentenced to death. But Norbert said that he wouldn't kill him because he didn't want to make a mess of his Meade Hall."

"But poisoning him and then disposing of the body later would be a much easier way to kill him. And he did say that he wanted Hiccup to suffer a slow and painful death." Fishlegs concluded.

In case you don't remember, while hanging on the wooden frame on Hysteria, Hiccup did have a small dragon the size of a fly sitting on his arm. He didn't realize it, but that fly was in fact a Venomous Vorpent. Hiccup couldn't tell that it was a dragon since the Vorpent numbs the skin before stinging it. The victim won't feel any pain until he or she is very near death.

Everyone's gazes averted to Hiccup. The only thing that he could actually control was his hands and fingers, so he gripped the side of his bed tightly.

"You think he's in pain?" Ruffnut asked suddenly.

"Why don't you go ask him?" her brother cooed, earning him a hard punch from both Ruffnut and Astrid. Tuffnut rubbed his arm.

"Is there any way we can cure him?" Stoick asked. Gothi started writing again. Gobber's expression turned solemn. "She said she doesn't know an antidote."

"So, Hiccup's just going to die?" Snotlout questioned softly. Toothless growled, as if he wouldn't accept it if his rider died. Astrid patted the dragon's head. "I'm with Toothless. Hiccup's not going to die. There has to be a way we can save him!"

"What about the Dragon Flower?" Fishlegs suddenly suggested. All eyes turned to him. "It's known as the cure for any sickness right? And there was one flower that the Scauldron spared. We could use it to cure Hiccup!"

"What do you say, Gothi?" Gobber asked the village elder. Gothi drew something on the floor. "What's with the yak and the beard?" Gothi whacked Gobber with her staff. "Sorry, sorry," he quickly said before studying the drawings again. "Gothi said that she's not sure will it work, but she does say that's it worth a shot."

Gothi nudged the blacksmith, gesturing to another image he didn't explain. "And she says to do it fast. Hiccup's life could end any minute."

Snotlout, the twins and Fishlegs started running around frantically in panic. Astrid crossed her arms. "Can you guys be quiet?" she hissed. The teens stopped running. "Which one of you can remember where the Flower is?"

"I have it right here," replied Tuffnut, bringing out a purple flower from his waistcoat. "I thought I could have it as a souvenir."

Stoick took it from the teenager's hand. "I'm going to go dissolve it's nectar in some water. Fishlegs, get me some water. Astrid, stay by Hiccup at all times and report if _anything _happens."

Astrid nodded as she pulled up a stool and sat down beside Hiccup's bed. Fishlegs was already downstairs filling a mug with water. Meanwhile, Stoick and Gobber very quickly washed their hands downstairs with some drinking water before squeezing the nectar out of the flower. Surprisingly, it was easy. Fishlegs brought the mug and the nectar was poured in.

Quickly, the mug was rushed back upstairs. Astrid helped Hiccup's body sit up so he wouldn't exactly choke. Stoick, very gently with care that most of the others haven't seen, helped Hiccup drink the solution.

The time it took for Hiccup to swallow the whole thing felt like an eternity. For a second, it felt like his chest wasn't moving at all and that the whole world was holding it's breath.

Finally, seconds later, it rose and fell. Astrid leaned forward and placed her hand on Hiccup's forehead after lifting up the wet cloth. "He's still warm," she said, "but I think he's getting better."

In front of their eyes, Hiccup's stiff and tense body became more relaxed. His arms hung loosely at his sides. Slowly, his eyes

quivered and eventually opened.

"Hiccup!" they all cried. Hiccup forced them a weak smile. "What's with all the noise?"

Stoick walked up to the bed and lifted his son upwards as if he was nothing. The chief hugged his son tightly. Hiccup groaned slightly as Stoick put him down. Astrid was the next to hug him, with Toothless nudging and purring Hiccup's back. "You guys are making such a big deal over this," Hiccup chuckled.

"You almost died!" Astrid said a little in his face. "Don't you ever worry me like that again!"

Hiccup grinned a little before his knees slightly buckled, making Hiccup fall into Astrid's arms. He looked up at her and his cheeks immediately started to burn. Astrid cleared her throat and pushed him back upright. "Are you sure you're okay?" she asked.

"Yeah," Hiccup answered sheepishly. "My body's just exhausted, that's all." Hiccup sat down on the bed as Toothless came up to him and licked him once or twice.

Gobber held some seeds from the Dragon Flower in his hands. "What do you want to do with these?"

"Why don't we plant them," Fishlegs suggested. "It would be nice if we didn't have to go back to Hysteria and go through all that trouble for the Dragon Flower anymore."

"But then, won't the other tribes be looking for a way to get their hands on the flower?" Stoick added. He shook his head. "No, it could lead to war and more deaths. It's not worth it. It's probably just best to dispose of the seeds, throw them into the sea or something."

Gobber shrugged as he walked down the stairs of the Haddock House and down towards his workshop. He certainly has some dragon teeth to clean and some weapons to polish.

"Oh, that's right," Stoick said, heading downstairs. Hiccup raised his eyebrow. His father back upstairs with a small porcelain bottle in his hand. "For you, Hiccup." Stoick handed the bottle over to his son. Hiccup took off the lid and peered inside. "Squid ink?"

"You were lacking some, weren't you?"

Hiccup smiled warmly at his father. "Thanks, dad. And I think you should know that I think I picked up the family sword-fighting skill."

"I told you that you had it in you!" Stoick patted his son's back wholeheartedly. "See, that sword came in handy after all."

"You should have seen him!" Snotlout suddenly exclaimed, earning everyone's attention. "Norbert was like fighting with him and Astrid was like, beaten and it was so cool!" Everyone laughed since Snotlout wasn't really the one to talk about others. He looked at Astrid. "Astrid, he's out of your league. Me on the other hand-

"Forget about it," Astrid grumbled, turning away and groaning in disgust. Hiccup chuckled. "Looks like everything is as the same as before."

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Around two weeks or so following that incident, Mildew was harvesting a few of his cabbages, grumbling to himself. "Those pesky dragons, eating half of my field." Fungus was at his feet. The sheep suddenly bleated. Mildew looked up from his harvesting. At the edge of the island, he saw a puff of smoke rise up from the beach below.

The old man then started heading towards the source of the smoke, his sheep right behind him. There was a small path leading to a beach a considerable distance from his house. Mildew headed down the path and ended up in a secluded lagoon far from the village on the opposite side of the island.

Two rowboats was banked at the sands of the cove. The waves crashed against the shores as two men stepped out of the shadows. "Hello gentlemen," said Mildew. "I see you've got my message."

"I have to say I'm impressed the boy is still alive after I snuck that Venomous Vorpent on him," one of them cooed. "His luck is really unbelievable."

"Yes," Mildew replied, "he's a nuisance to us all, Norbert. Your thoughts, Alvin?"

The other man thought for a while. "Well, I need the boy if I want to end the dragon raids on my island. And maybe conquer some dragons and have them become our special weapons."

"But what is our business with the boy?" Mildew asked. The two chiefs thought for a while. "I want him gone," said Mildew.

"I want him head," Norbert growled.

"I just want him," Alvin added.

"This is not going to work," Mildew grumbled. "We're after the same person, but we all have something different in mind for him."

"How about this," Norbert began. "Mildew can hand him over to Alvin. That means the boy is gone from Berk and Alvin gets his 'Dragon Conquerer'. After Alvin gets what he needs from the boy, I can take over and chop his head off."

"More or less," Alvin agreed. "Though it would be more satisfying if I got to kill Stoick's little pride and joy."

"Anyways, gentlemen, shall we call this a truce?" Mildew suggested, holding out his hand. Norbert and Alvin held out their hands as well and each shook the other. And so, an alliance was formed.

Three men.

Three tribes.

After one target: Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third.

TO BE CONTINUED

(in a fan-fiction that I will eventually write)

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Yes, this is finally finished! Now I have a whole month to think about the sequel! At first, I was going to go straight to it, but then I thought it's going to be too long so I split it with episode 9. The sequel should be named "King of the Wilderwest".

Thank you all for reading and reviewing!

~Kyra

End
file.